

They finally arranged that Marion's time of labor should be from 7:30 to 9:30 in the morning, and from 5:00 to 6:00 in the afternoon.

It was true, just as Mrs. Fenton had foreseen, that some of the girl's good times had to be given up on this account, or at least partially cut short.

There were not so many hours which could be devoted to tennis and croquet, but Mrs. Fenton was very thoughtful of her comfort and gladly let her off whenever a picnic or an excursion was in order, or if the day was excessively hot. Marion always conscientiously made up this time later, so that nothing suffered in consequence.

Her own garden was likewise tended, though she enlisted more help from her younger brothers for that purpose and chiefly superintended their efforts herself. The boys were glad to do whatever she wished for all the members of the family appreciated Marion's unselfishness and knew that she was toiling not for herself, but for her Christmas fund.

Mrs. Fenton paid her two dollars a week, or a little over thirty cents a day, and at the end of the season Marion had deposited forty dollars in the bank as the result of her patient effort.

Mrs. Fenton declared that her garden had never been so beautifully kept. Never had the seeds come up so well, nor the plants blossomed so abundantly, nor had weeds been so entirely absent.

Marion had also added greatly to her own knowledge concerning gardening and flowers, for Mrs. Fenton had taught her many things and practical experience is worth more than any wisdom derived from books.

Then how tremendously she did enjoy the spending of her Christmas fund!

It accomplished so much more and went so much further than anyone could have imagined it would.

Besides the foot-rest for her father, she was able to buy him a delightfully comfortable Morris chair, and for her mother, handsome lace curtains for both parlor and library.

She had something lovely for each member of her own family and for every friend, rich and poor—about fifty separate presents in all.

But there were surprises in store also for Marion herself, as well as the many for others which she had been so unselfishly preparing.

Her friends had somehow, many of them, heard about the Christmas fund, and they were all touched by the generosity of the young girl whose first thought was always for others.

So, when Marion came to open her own presents on Christmas morning she was almost overwhelmed by their number and beauty.

Everybody had remembered her in such delightful ways and she had all the very things which she most wanted.

It was a happy Christmas indeed, and at a family conclave that evening, Mr. Dexter voiced the sentiments of all when he said, as he kissed Marion, "Dear little girl, we do appreciate you, and we feel that your Christmas fund has made the day very bright for us!"

## HOW TEDDY GOT LOST.

By Demarest Glentworth Rubins.

When Eunice was six years old, she moved into a strange city, and at first was very lonesome for the "children," as she called the playmates whom she had left. But after awhile she became acquainted with some little girls who lived near her new home, and she was lonesome no longer. What fun she would have when these little girls would come to play with her, for they all played together so pleasantly.

Frances was the minister's little daughter, and her big doll was named "Ada," because the Ladies' Aid had given it to her. Elizabeth has a Teddy bear, which she thought a great deal nicer than any doll. Eunice's big doll was "Baby Sister Ruth," and was very interesting to all the little girls because it would cry. Catherine liked to play with the paper dolls, and could think of the most nice games when they were together.

When Frances was six years old, Eunice gave a little party for her, to which Catherine and Elizabeth were also invited, and the dolls and Teddy came, too.

Eunice had a big, gray cat, which was a great pet. He liked to roll marbles, or ball, or anything that would roll, about as well as a boy likes to play ball. While the little girls were eating their ice cream and cake, they set their dollies all in a row along the wall, with Teddy at the end, and he fell over. What did kitty do but begin to roll him this way and that, and finally out of the door and across the porch where Teddy dropped off!

What dismay there was when they discovered Teddy was gone! Kitty kept rubbing around all the time the girls were hunting, as if to tell them where to look, but Teddy might have lain under the rose bush beside the porch at least all night, if some one hadn't come up the walk and seen him there. They all had a hearty laugh when they found what kitty had done, for the little guests had never seen a cat that had learned such a trick.—Exchange.

## GROWING A NAME.

Little Luke Hays could write his name. He brought his slate to show his mother what round, clear letters he could make.

"Would you like to make your name grow, Luke?" said his mother.

"I never saw a name grow," said Luke.

Then his mother took him out into the garden. She gave him a stick with a sharp point and made him write his name in large letters in the middle of a bed of black earth; then his mother sowed mignonette seed along the letters. "Now," said she, "in a few weeks you will see your name growing tall and sweet."

Luke went away the next day to visit his grandmother, and when he came home again, three weeks later, he ran at once to the garden. There was his name "Luke Hays," in pretty green letters, just as he had written it. Luke was delighted, and has never failed to grow his name every year since.—Selected.

The surest proof of being endowed with noble qualities, is to be free from envy.—La Rochefoucauld.